A ROBIE

CONSCIENCE

Or,

CONSCIONABLE ROBIN:

His Progresse through Co[untry]

City and Country: With his bad

[en]tertainment at each several place, &

ROBIN

CONSCIENCE,

Or,

CONSCIONABLE ROBIN:

His Progreſſe through Court, City and Countrey: With his bad tertainment at each ſeverall place, &

ROBIN CONSCIENCE:

His Progresse through the Court, City, and Countrey.

I Have bin quite through England wide,
With many a faint and weary stride,
To see what people there abide,
that loves me.

Poore Robin Conscience is my name,
Sore vexed with reproach and blame,
For all where ever yet I came
repulse me.

Few now endure my presence here,
I shall be banisht quite I feare,
I am despised every where,
and scorned.

Yet 'tis my Fortune now and then
To meet some good woman or man,
Who have (when they my woes did scan)
sore mourned.

To think that Conscience is despised,
Which ought to be most highly prized:
This trick the Divell hath devised
to blind men.

'Cause Conscience tells them of their waies,
Which are so wicked now a dayes,
They stop their eares to what he sayes,
unkind men.

I first of all went to the Court,
Where Lords and Ladies did resort,
My intertainment there was short,

As soone as ere my name they heard,
They ran away full sore afraid,
And thought some Goblin had appear'd
from hell come.
Conscience quoth one, be gone with speed,
The Court saw of thy name doth breed,
Us of thy presence have no need:
be walking.
Thou tel'st us of our pride and lust
Which spite of thee we follow must:
So out of Court was Conscience thurst,
no talking.
Thus banisht from the Court I went
To Westminster incontinent,
Where I (alas) was sorely shent
for comming,
The Lawyers did against me plead,
It was no great matter some there said,
If Conscience quite were knockt th'y head,
then running
From them I fled with winged haste
(They did so threaten me to baste,)
Thought it was vaine my breath to waste
in Counsell.
For Lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for falshood I them chide,
And he that holds not on their side,
must down still.
Unto the City hyed I then,
To try what welcome there Trades-men
Would give poor Robin Conscience, when
I came there
The shop keepers that use deceit
Did come about me and did threat,
Unlesse I would be gone, to beat
me lame there
And every one both high and low
Held Conscience as a mortall foe

Because he doth ill vices show
each minute:
Therefore the City in uproare
Against me rose, and me so tore
That I am resolv'd Ile never more
come in it.
On Friday I to Smithfield went
Where being come incontinent
The Horse coursers with one consent
did chide me:
They said that I was not my selfe
And said that I was a pinching elfe
And they could get more Roze of pelfe
besides me,
I told them of a cheating trick,
Which makes the Horses run and kick,
By putting in an Eele that's quick
i'th belly.
Another which they use full oft
To bear their lame Jades heads aloft.
And beat their buttocks till they're soft,
as Jelly.
I told them y their wealth would rot,
That they by cheating men thus got,
But they for this same tale would not
abide me,
And charg'd me quickly to be gone,
Quod they, of Conscience we use none,
Those whom I follow with my mone,
out-ride me.
From thence I crept into Long-lane,
Where many Brokers doe remaine,
To try how they would intertaine
poor Conscience,
But my name when I them told,
The women did begin to scold,
The men said they that word did hold

For Conſcience is ſo hard a word,
That ſcarce a Broker can afford
To read it, for his mouth is ſtor'd
with lying.
Ye knows not what this Conſcience means,
That is no cauſe unto his gaines,
Thus I was ſcorned for my paines,
all crying
Away with Conſcience from this Lane,
For wee his preſence do diſdaine,
They ſaid, if I came there againe,
among them,
They ſaid they'd bang me back and ſide,
Being menac'd thus away I hide:
Thus worldlings think that when I chide
I wrong them.
Among the Butchers then went I,
As ſoone as ere they did me ſpye,
They threatned me moſt ſpightfully
to kill me.
Quoth one, if Conſcience here ſhould dwell
Wee were not able to live well,
For could wee gaine by'th meat we ſell,
nor will wee
Be bound to follow Conſcience nice,
Which would confine us to a price,
Robin, be rul'd by my advice,
quoth he then,
And get thee to ſome other place,
Wee hate to look thee in the face,
Hearing this, from thence apace
did flye then.
To New gate market went I then,
Where Countrey-women, maids and men,
Were ſelling needfull things, and when
they ſaw me;
If me one Butter woman rattles.

Another comes and with her nailes,
did claw me.
The Bakers which stood in a row
Began to brawle at me also;
And charged me away to goe,
because I
Told them that they'd make lesser bread,
Did not the Law put them in dread,
Ther's some of them would wish them dead
might lawes dye.
Thus chid of them my way I took
Unto Pye corner, where a Cock
Glaunc't at me as the deele did looke
ore Lincolne.
Conscience, quoth he thou shewst no wit
In comming to this place unfit.
Ile run thee thorow with a spit:
then think on
These words to thee which I have said
I cannot live well by my trade,
If I should still require thy aide
in selling,
Sometimes one joynt I must roast thrice,
Ere I can sell it at my price,
Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
no dwelling,
Perforce he drave me backwards still
Untill I came unto Snow-hill,
The Sale-men there with voices shrill
fell on me:
I was so irksome to their sight
That they conjured me to flight,
Or else they swore (such was their spight)
they'd stone me.
At Turn-againe-Laine the Fish wives there
And wenches did so rattle and swears.
Quoth they no Conscience shall come here,
we hate him:

Their Bodges which for half pecks goe,
They bowed at my head to throw:
No Conscience they were bred to know
but prating.
Away thus frighted by those Scoulds,
To Fleet street streight my lobe it holds
Where men whose tongues were made in moulds
of flattery,
Did cry what lack you Countrey man?
But seeing me away they ran,
As though the enemy had began
his battery:
One said to others, Sir ill newes,
Here Conscience comes us to abuse,
Let us his presence all refuse
together,
And boldly stand against him all,
We nere had use of him, nor shall
Hollus with us, what chance did call
him hither?
The Haberdashers that sell hats,
Hit Robin Conscience many pats,
And like a company of Cats,
they scracht him
Quoth they why com'st thou unto us?
We love not Conscience ruffling thus,
They gave him words opprobrious,
and matcht him.
The Mercers and Silke men also
That live in Pater-noster-row
Their hate against poor Conscience shew.
and when I
Came to that place, they all did set
On me cause I their gaine would let
Who will both swear and lye to get
ons penny.
From thence unto Cheapside I past,
[illegible] words in haine I [illegible]

Out of the place I soone was chas'd,
Quoth one man,
Conscience, for thy presumption base,
Intruding to this golden place,
Thou death deserv'st, therefore apace
be gone man.
Dost think that we have so much gold
Before our eyes still to behold,
Will thus by Conscience be control'd
and curbed?
Oh no, poore fellow, hasse away,
For if long in this place thou stay,
Thou shalt be (I le be bold to say)
disturbed.
From thence I turned down Bread-street,
A Cheese monger I there did meet,
He hyed away with winged feet
to shun me.
How now quoth I, why run you so?
Quoth he, because I well doe know,
That thou art Conscience my old foe,
thou'st done me
Great wrong, whilst I made use of thee
And dealt with all men honestly,
A rich man I could never be;
but since then
I banish'd have thy company,
And us'd deceit with those that buy.
I thrive, and therefore Robin bis
thee hence then.
I left him with his bad intent
And into Fish-street straight I went,
Among those Lads who with that lent
were all peare:
As soone as ere they me espied,
They all at once upon me cride,
And swore that Conscience should not guide

I ſeeing things thus ſeeming ſtrange,
That all men did from gwdneſſe range
Did hie me ſtraight to the Exchange,
a Merchant
Was ſo affrighted when I came,
But preſently he blusht for ſhame,
His countenance did ſhew the ſame
in ſearchant.
Quoth he friend Robin, what doſt thou
Here among us Merchants now,
Our buſineſſe will not us allow
to uſe thée.
For we have trafficke without thée
And thrive beſt if thou ablent be:
I for my part will utterly
refuſe thée.
I being thus abaſ'd below
Did walke up ſtairs where on a row
Brave ſhops of ware did make a ſhow
moſt ſumptuous.
But when the ſhop-folke me did ſpy
They drew their darke light inſtantly
And ſaid in comming there was I
preſumptuous.
The gallant Girles that there ſold knacks
Which Ladies and brave women lacks,
When they did ſee me they did ware
in choller.
Quoth they, we here knew Conſcience yet,
And if he comes our gains to let
We'll baniſh him he'll here not get
one Scholler.
I being ſeered thus and ſcorned,
Went down the ſtaires, & ſorely mourned,
To think that I ſhould thus be turn'd
a begging.
To Gracious-ſtreet I went along,
Where dwell [illegible]

That will deceive both old and young,
with cogging:
As Drapers, Poulterers, and such
Who thinke they never get too much
The word Conscience to them is Dutch,
or Spanish.
And harder too, for speech they'll learne
With all their heart to serve their turne:
But Conscience (when they him discerne)
they banish.
I seeing all the City given
To use deceit in spight of Heaven,
To leave their company I was driven
perforce then.
So over London-bridge in haste,
I hist and scoft of all men, past,
Then I to South wark tooke at last,
my course then.
When I came there, I hop'd to find
Welcome according to my mind,
But they were rather more unkind
then London:
All sorts of men and women there,
Askt how I durst to them appeare,
And swore my presence they would cleare
abandon.
I being sore a thirst, did goe
Unto an Ale-house in the row,
Meaning a penny to bestow,
in strong Beere.
But cause I for a quart did call,
My hostis swore she'd bring me small
Or else I should have none at all,
thus wrong'd there,
I bad her on her Licence looke,
Oh sir, quoth she, you are mistook,
I have my Lesson without booke,

If I my Licence ſhould obſerve,
And not in any point to ſwerve,
Both I and mine alas would ſtarve,
not ſurfet
In ſtead of the quart pot of Pewter,
I all ſhall ſup, and need no tutor:
I Quartridge give to the Geometer
moſt duely,
And he will ſee, and yet will be blind,
A knave made much on will be kinde;
If you be one, Sir tell your minde,
no truly.
No, no, quoth I, I am no Knave
No fellowſhip with ſuch I have,
My name is Robin Conſcience brave,
that wander
From place to place, in hope that ſome
Will as a ſervant give me roome:
But all abuſe me where I come,
with ſlander.
Now when my hoſteſſe heard me tell,
My name, ſhe ſwore I ſhould not dwell
With her, for I would make her ſell
full meaſure.
She did conjure me to depart:
Hang Conſcience, ſaies ſhe, gives me art,
I have not got by a penny a quart
my treaſure.
So out o'th doors I went with ſpeed;
And glad ſhe was to be thus freed,
Of Conſcience, that ſhe might ſpeed
in frothing
Into the Kings Bench I needs would goe,
The Jaylor did me backwards throw;
Quoth he, for Conſcience here you know
is nothing
Through Black-mantreet I went where
Shoemakers [illegible]

There two or three bad boyes against me rose
most lowdly,
And bad me get me hence apace,
Or else they'de claw me by the face:
They swore they scorn'd me and all grace
most proudly.
I walkt in S. Georges Field
Where roaring Rascalls I beheld
That all the yeare their hopes do build
on cheating:
They were close playing at nine pins.
I came and told them of their sins:
Then one among the rest begins,
intresting,
That I would not torment them so:
I told them that I would not goe:
Why then, quoth he, I let thee know,
we care not
And yet we'll banish thee perforce:
Then he began to swear and curse
And said, prat on til then art hoarse
and spare not.
I left them in their wickednesse,
And went along in great distresse
Bewailing of my bad successe,
and spied
A windmil standing there hard by;
Towards the same then passed I,
But when the Miller did me spie
he cryed,
Away with Conscience I'le none such;
That smell with honesty so much,
I shal not quickly fill my hutch
by due tole.
I must from every bushel of meale,
A peck, if not three gallons steale,
Wherefore with thee I will no deale
thou true soul.

Then leaving City, skirts and all,
Where my welcome it was but ſmall,
I went to try what would befall
ith Countrey.
There thought I to be entertain'd:
But I was likewiſe there diſdain'd,
A long time bootleſſe I complain'd
toth' Gentry.
And yet no ſervice could I have,
Yet if I would have play'd the Knave
I might have had maintenance brave
among them.
Becauſe that I was Conſcience poore,
Alas they thruſt me out of doore,
For Conſcience many of them ſwore,
did wrong them.
Then went I to the Yeomanry,
And Farmers of the Countrey,
Deſiring them moſt heartily
to take me;
I told them I would ſell their corne,
Unto the poor: but they did turne
Me out of doores and with great ſcorne,
forſake me,
One ſaid he had no uſe of me,
To ſell his corne, for I quoth he
Muſt not be onely rul'd by thee
in ſelling.
If I ſhall Conſcience entertaine,
Wee'd make me leave ingroſſing gaine,
Here is for thee I tell the plaine,
no dwelling.
Thus from the rich men of the world,
Poor Conſcience up and down is hurl'd
Like angry Curs at me they ſnarl'd
and checkt me,
Alas what ſhall I doe, thought I,
Poore Robin muſt I ſtarve and

I that I muſt, if no body
respect me.
At laſt I to my ſelf bethought,
Whers I muſt goe: and heaven brought
Me to a place whers powre folks wrought,
most sorely.
And there they entertain'd me well,
With whom I ever meane to dwell,
With them to ſtay, it thus befell
though powly.
Thus people that do labour hard,
Have Robin Conſcience in regard;
For which they ſhall have their reward,
in Heaven.
For all their ſorrow hers on Earth,
They ſhall be filled with true mirth,
Crownes ſhall to them at ſecond birth
be given.
And all thoſe Caitiffs that deny'd
To entertain him for their guide,
When they by Conſcience ſhal be trid,
and judged,
Then will they wiſh that they had us'd
Powr Conſcience whom they have refus'd,
Whoſe company they have abus'd,
and grudged.
Thus Robin Conſcience that hath had
Amongſt moſt men but welcome bad,
He now hath found to make him glad,
abiding.
Amongſt honeſt folks that have no lands,
But get their living with their hands,
Theſe are his friends that to him ſtands,
and's guiding.
Theſe ſtill keep Conſcience from grim death
And neer gainſay what ere he ſaith,
Theſe lead their lives ſo hers beneath,

They may aſcend from poverty,
To Glory and great Dignity,
Where they ſhall live and never dye,
while frying
In hell the wicked lye, who would
Not uſe true Conſcience as they ſhould,
This is but for a morall told,
you in it.
He that obſerves, may ſome-what ſpye,
That ſavours of divinity,
For conſcionable folks do I
begin it.
And ſo I'le bring all to an end,
It can no honeſt man offend,
For thoſe that Conſcience doe defend,
it praiſes.
And if that any gall'd Jade kick,
The Author hath devis'd a trick
To turn him looſe i'th fields to pick
up Daiſies.

FINIS.